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INFANCY,

A

POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Drummond (Hugh)

INFANCY;

OR, THE

MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

A DIDACTIC

POEM,

IN THREE BOOKS.

By HUGH DOWNMAN, M.D.

EDINBURGH:
Printed for JOHN BELL.

M,DCC,LXXVI.

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INFANCY,

A

POEM.

ARGUMENT.

THE Invocation and Introduction. Health is the greateſt bleſſing of mankind. It ſhould be the chief aim of Parents to procure their Children the enjoyment of it. Nature and inſtinct therefore are to be followed. Pernicious cuſtom of giving Children ſome drug ſoon after they are born. The beſt remedy at that

A time

time is the firſt milk of the Mother. Various reaſons, and motives for the Mother's ſuckling her Children. An amiable duty. Addreſs to tender affection. Directions how to chooſe a Nurſe, if the Mother cannot perform that office herſelf. Cities deſtructive to Infants. Recommendation of the country. The Mother ſhould overſee the conduct of the Nurſe. The Nurſe's uſual manner of life ſhould be altered as little as poſſible. Addreſs to habit.

BOOK

BOOK THE FIRST.

O DAUGHTER of Divine Philoſophy!
Not Him of Aſpect ſtern, and Brow ſevere,
Whoſe ſullen metaphyſic Eye, inwrapt
In Darkneſs, never deigns a chearful Smile
To diſſipate the Gloom: But Him who leads
Inſtruction by the Graces dreſt; attend.
Though barren be the Subject, thou can'ſt give
The Bard to pleaſe: With me then turn thine Eyes
On the prime Infant-ſtate of helpleſs Man:
On the firſt Dawn of Life, when Nature now
Uſhers her tender Offspring into Day;
Obſerve the young Ideas how they wake
In gradual Order, till at length matur'd
By Time, they ſpeak a living Soul within.

View

View too the tranſient Flaſh of Mirth; the Ills
Not real, yet agonizing; the quick Thought
Forever varying, glanc'd from Toy to Toy.
Then conſtant Motion pleaſes, then the Ear
Catches at every Sound, the Eye untir'd
Darts its wild Ray, and every Object thrills
The new-born Soul with Joy. Come Virgin, teach
How on the Management of theſe firſt Years
Depends the future Man; the Theme not mean,
Not uſeleſs, if thy aid be not refus'd.

We write to reaſon: Hence ye doating Train
Of Midwives, and of Nurſes ignorant,
Old Beldames grey, in Error poſitive,
And ſtiff in Prejudice, whoſe fatal Care
Oft Death attends, or a Life worſe than Death.

O Youth, whoe'er thou art, to Beauty's Charms
A Slave, to th' inexpreſſive Lovelineſs

Which

Which native Modeſty and Truth beſtows
On their more beauteous Minds, and which exalts
Britannia's Daughters o'er the female World!
Is thy Belov'd propitious? Doth the God
Prepare his nuptial Torch? And doſt thou wiſh
The Name of Father, amiable, humane?
To view thy little Progeny around
Happy, well-form'd, and ſtrong? Attend the Muſe:
Th' inſtructive Muſe ſhall teach thee to obtain
Thy Heart's Deſire. And ſay wilt thou fair Nymph
Not condeſcend with favourable Eye
To read the modeſt-teaching Page? To thee
Cuſtom hath given, while active Life ſhall call
Thy Huſband forth amid its boiſt'rous Walks,
Domeſtic Rule: Thine is among the Reſt
The Nurſery's Charge, the moſt important Taſk
Of all: What abſence from his Eye may hide,
Thy conſtant anxious Care ſhall well ſupply.

HEALTH is the greateſt Bleſſing Man receives
From bounteous Heaven, by her the ſmiling Hours
Are wing'd with Tranſport; ſhe too gives the Soul
Of Firmneſs; without her the Hand of Toil
Would languid ſink; the Eye of Reaſon fade.

To this then bend thy Care, O Parent Mind;
Array thy Child in health; a nobler Dreſs
Not gorgeous Majeſty can boaſt; the Thanks
Of future Gratitude thou wilt receive,
More than if in his Lap thou then ſhould'ſt pour,
Profuſely pour thy Gold; or give him all
Thy Herds, and bleating Flocks, tho' Thouſands range
Thy ſpacious Meads, or cloath thy ample Hills.

WOULD'ST thou thy Children bleſt? Attend the Call
Of beckoning Nature, follow where ſhe leads
Unerring Guide: No Labyrinth is here;
No Clue of Ariadne wilt thou need

To

To Theſeus given: Fair is her open Path,
And ſtrong the ſteady Light ſhe throws around,
Inſtinctive Light, the ſureſt ſafeſt Guide.

THY Child is born. See, where the treacherous Nurſe,
Or ſhe who o'er Lucina's Rite preſides
Prepares the poiſonous Drench: Forewarn'd, beware:
Within the fatal Drug lurks Death; by this
Thouſands from yet untaſted Life retire,
Thouſands of infant Souls; yet, ſanctified
By Cuſtom, other Cauſes are aſſign'd,
And Nature is accus'd of impious Deeds
She ne'er committed. Nature will preſerve
Whate'er ſhe frames: Is Phyſic needful then?
She has remark'd it well, and taught the Child
To ſeek its Remedy: e'er yet the Sun
Hath from its Birth incircled Half the Sphere,
It aſks, plain as expreſſive Signs can aſk,
The Mother's Breaſt: Without a Moment's pauſe

Hear

Hear the mute Voice of Inſtinct, and obey.
Know the firſt Efflux from each milky Fount
Is Nature's chymic Mixture, which the Attempts
Of bungling Art cannot ſupply, this flows
Gently deterſive, purifying, bland;
This each internal Obſtacle removes,
And ſets in motion the young Springs of Life.
Hence too the Mother is ſecure: The Streams
Health giving to her Infant, flow to her
Salubrious; otherwiſe confin'd, or driven
Back on the Blood, what hath ſhe not to fear?
The raging Fever, from the fatal Cauſe
Holding its Name, Obſtructions fierce, dire Pangs
Of Torture, future Cancers by the Juice
Of boaſted Hemlock not to be remov'd.

O MOTHER, (let me by that tendereſt Name
Conjure thee) ſtill purſue the Taſk begun;
Nor unleſs urg'd by ſtrong Neceſſity,

Some

Some fated, ſome peculiar Circumſtance,
By which thy Health may ſuffer, or thy Child
Suck in Diſeaſe, or that the genial Food
Too ſcanty flows, give to an Alien's Care
Thy orphan Babe. O, if by Choice thou doſt—
What ſhall I call thee? Woman? No, though fair
Thy Face as one of the angelic Choir,
Though Sweetneſs ſeem pourtray'd in every Line
And Smiles which might become a Hebe, riſe
At Will, criſping thy roſy Cheeks, though all
That's lovely, kind, attractive, elegant,
Dwell in thy outward Shape, and catch the Eye
Of gazing Rapture, all is but Deceit;
The Form of Woman's thine, but not the Heart;
Dreſt in Hypocriſy, and ſtudied Guile
This Act detects thee, ſhews thee to have loſt
Each tender Feeling, every gentler Grace,
And Virtue more humane, more finely drawn
And ſet by yielding Nature in the Breaſt

Of female Softneſs, to have driven forth theſe
By force, to have unſex'd thy Mind, become
The Seat of torpid dull Stupidity,
Cold, and inſenſible to the warm Touch
Of generous Emotions, lock'd up cloſe
To ſhut out Pity's Entrance, who retreats
Repining from her heaven-deſtin'd Seat,
Uſurp'd by Cruelty, the worſt of Fiends.

HADST thou been treated thus, thou ne'er perhaps
Hadſt liv'd, ſo barbarouſly from thy Sight
To ſend a Child of thine. O unblown Flower!
Soft Bud of Spring! Planted in foreign Soil
How wilt thou proſper! Bruſh'd by other Winds
In a new Clime, and fed by other Dews
Than ſuit thy Nature! From a ſtranger Hand
Ah, what can Infancy expect, when ſhe
Who bore thee in her Womb ſo long, whoſe Life
Whoſe Soul thou didſt participate, neglects

Herſelf

Herſelf in thee, and breaks the ſtrongeſt Seal
Which Nature ſtamp'd in vain upon her Heart,

O LUCKLESS Babe, born in an evil Hour,
Who ſhall with watchful Eye thy thouſand Wants
Attend? Explore with Care the latent Cauſe
Giving Uneaſineſs? Thy Slumbers guard?
And when awake, with nice Sedulity
Obſerve thy every Turn? A Parent might.
A venal Hireling cannot if ſhe would:
Though willing to perform her Duty well,
She feels not in her Soul th' impulſive Goad
Of Inſtinct, all the fond the fearful Thoughts
Awakening: Say at length that Habits Power
Can ſomething like maternal Kindneſs give,
Yet e'er that Time may the poor Nurſeling die.

BESIDES, who can aſſure the lacteal Springs
Pure and untainted? Oft Diſorder lurks

Beneath

Beneath the ſanguine Cheek, and chearful Eye
Promiſing Health, and poiſonous Juice ſecrete,
Slow undermining Life, ſtains what ſhould be
The pureſt Nutriment. Hence, worſe than Death,
A Life of Miſery to thy blaſted Child.
A Burthen to himſelf, by others ſhunn'd,
He wiſhes for the Grave, and waſtes his Days
In ſolitary Woe; or haply weds
And propagates th' hereditary Plague,
Entailing on himſelf the bitter Curſe
Of Generations yet unborn, a Race
Pithleſs and weak, who live not half their Days.

But, whether loſt in Pleaſure, in the Round
Of modiſh Life, and Diſſipation gay,
Miſnam'd Polite, the Welfare of her Child
The fair Barbarian looks on with an Eye
Diſtant and cold; or imitating her,
(As Faults of higher Sation ſtill will gain

Followers

Followers in humbler Life) in vain the Muſe
Hath to the Mother's Ear, attun'd her Lay,
In the World's middle Rank; ſhe ſhall not ceaſe
Deſponding, ſtronger Arguments for them,
More cogent, more compelling ſhe can bring,
To which perhaps ſelf-intereſted Love
Will ope their liſtening Senſe. Of mental Joys
To them we ſpeak not. But if Health they prize,
Nor wiſh the Fates to cut their vital Thread
E'er they have gain'd their Prime; Fear may effect
What Inſtinct, Love, and Duty fail'd to do.
And here no fabled Lays we bring, to ſtrike
With Superſtitious dread the Mind, but Truth,
Plain honeſt Truth, inſpires the homely Song.

She who refuſes to her young Ones Lip
Her ſwelling Boſom, each returning Year
Conceives, and each returning Year ſuſtains
The Pangs of Child-birth. Harraſs'd by Fatigue

The

The ſtrongeſt Conſtitution fails, but ſoon
The weaker Syſtem, like a blighted Flower,
Falls underneath the Shock. The nurſing Time
Was meant by wiſeſt Nature, as a Stay,
A vacant Interſpace, in which the Nerves,
And Threads of Life unſtrung, might re-aſſume
Their native Tone, endued again with Strengh,
And correſponding Vigour, to ſupport
The Day of Toil: As a ſure Medicine,
To root out many an Illneſs, elſe untam'd,
From the ſoft female Frame: T' invigorate
The fragile Texture, and with grateful Force
Brace up the Fibres morbid, and relax'd.
But if not e'en theſe Motives can perſuade;
T' improve her Charms, new Beauties to acquire,
Is Woman's utmoſt Wiſh. View then the Fair,
Who to this ſweet Employment turns her Mind!
Delighted Health ſits on her poliſh'd Brow,
And ſhews the Veins beneath: Spread o'er her Cheeks

The vermil Glow; her Eyes with Luſtre fills;
Decks her with radiant Smiles, and all her Form
With Grace ineffable, and Comelineſs
Inveſts. Enough of theſe—The Muſe beholds
With Rapture ſome of other Kind—O, hail
Ye real Mothers! Ye whoſe Hearts are full
Of Senſibility! Who highly pleas'd
Would not for all the Gewgaws Pride can boaſt
Looſen the magic Knot, which joins in one
Your Babes and you; or ſee a Hireling ſhare
The Love, which to a Mother ſole is due.
O Thou, to whom one of this pious Train
I bend with Veneration and Reſpect!
Let me attend thee, (nor thou fear a Spy)
To thy domeſtic Haunts, where Peace expands
Her Wings, and Harmony delighted dwells.
Let me behold thee, rivet thy fix'd Eye
On the young infant Form, then preſs it cloſe,
Cloſe to thy throbbing Heart, then on its Lips

A thouſand Kiſſes print, thy Eyes with Joy
O'erflowing, in each Feature tracing out
The fancied Likeneſs of its much-lov'd Sire
And lo, where pleas'd, beyond Expreſſion pleas'd,
To ſee thee in the lovelieſt Taſk employ'd
Of female Duty, where thy Huſband hangs
Enamour'd o'er thy foſtering Breaſt; the Night
Which gave thee to his Arms, gave not a Joy
To this ſuperior, piercing to the Soul,
Sincere, and home-felt. O true Name of Love,
Tender Affection! Genuine Source of Bliſs
Immaculate, and pure! The tranſient Blaze
Of Luſt ſoon fades; thy unabated Fire
Time but increaſes! Soft coercive Band
Connecting Souls! Without thee, what is Life!
Sweet Halcyon of the Breaſt, whoſe Summer Wing
Lulls each tempeſtuous Care! To thee the Wife,
The Good ſtill ſacrifice; the Soul refin'd
From vulgar Droſs; nor any but the Dull,

Whom Nature niggard of her Bounty caſt
In narrow Mould, or whom with Iron Hand
Tyrannic Cuſtom rules, deſpiſe thy Sway.

THRICE happy ſhe, by Inclination led,
By nought with-held, to add this pleaſing Link,
This heart-endearing Bond, to the ſweet Tyes
Of married Love! But ſhould'ſt thou e'er be doom'd
Votareſs of Truth and Virtue, to forego
The Impulſes by their eternal Hands
Implanted; to forego the honeſt call
Of Duty and Deſire; condemn'd by Ails
From Cauſes unforeſeen to tear the Pledge
From thy fond Boſom; while thy ſickening Heart
Bleeds at the Thought, condemn'd to render up
Unto another's Care the Babe thy Love,
Beyond Expreſſion, doats on: Let my Lays
Direct thy Choice for the momentous Taſk
Whom to employ, what Mother to adopt

For thy unconſcious young One, for from her
Not only Nutriment perhaps he takes
To Life and Growth ſubſervient, but who knows
How far the Stamina yet unevolv'd,
How far the Soul herſelf as yet unform'd,
For Texture, Vigour, Paſſions, Intellect,
On this thy Act depend? Far from the Bounds
Of the rank City, let ſome truſty Friend
Explore the Straw-built Cott; there, firm of Nerve
Her Blood from every groſſer Particle
By hardy Labour and abſtemious Fare
Sublim'd; the honeſt Peaſant's Mate ſhall ope
Her hoſpitable Arms, receive with Joy
The infant Stranger, and profuſely yield
Her pure balſamic Nurture to his Lip.
But ſince the keeneſt Eye may be deceiv'd,
And Vice will lurk amid the country Haunts
To Innocence devoted, it were meet
T' inveſtigate among the Village Tribe

Their Neighbour's Mode of Life. Heeds ſhe the Laws
Of matron-like Sobriety? No Sot?
No tattling Goſſip? Or vexatious Scold?
Does no Suſpicion light upon her Fame?
To Wedlock true? Feels ſhe a Parent's Love?
To her own Offspring tenderly benign?
Does ſhe her Huſband's conſtant Heart poſſeſs?
Nor ſeeks he foreign Pleaſure? Satisfied
In theſe Inquiries, ſtill 'twere right not thus
To terminate thy Search; ſurvey around
Her little Manſion, ſee if there in ſpite
Of Poverty, the ſtep of Cleanlineſs,
Attractive Nymph, hath not diſdain'd to tread.
The choice of Age neglect not; from her Cheek
Let not the Hand of Time have chac'd away
The Bloom of Youth, nor be ſhe green in Years.
For torpid, or impair'd by frequent Uſe,
The flexile Veſſels which convolv'd in Maze
Wrapp'd within Maze, ſecrete the purer Stream,

Their

Their Office will more ſparingly perform,
Or leſs nutritious Particles ſupply.
And if thy Nurſe be young, the thoughtful Mind
Of Prudence, would not to her Charge confide
What claims exacteſt Aſſiduity
And ſerious Vigilance. There are who think
Too ſubtile in their Theory, the Nurſe
Should with the Mother aptly coincide
In Age and Temperament; but heeding well
The Precepts we have given, thou may'ſt neglect
Such trivial Niceneſs; Health from each extreme
Remov'd, is not to Colour of the Hair,
Or to Complexion ting'd with Red or Brown
Confin'd: Exceſs thou ſhould'ſt indeed avoid
Of Plump or Lean, nor would I chooſe th' aduſt
And highly bilious, or the ſable Hue
Of clouded Melancholy. Be it then
Thy chiefeſt Care to fix on vigorous Health
Array'd in Smiles, the lovely Progeny

Of conſtant Chearfulneſs, and ſweet Content.
Nor would I (though confeſt a Quality
Inferior in its Kind) not prize the Voice
From Harſhneſs free, whoſe ſoft Tone can compoſe
The froward Babe, or gently bid it wake,
And view the young-ey'd Morn. O thou who help'ſt
To throng the crouded Town, reſtrain'd by Force
Within that Court of Death, where every Gale
Is tainted with Pollution; did the Muſe
If ſome ſad Cauſe forbade thee to purſue
The Mother's genuine Office, to the Fields
Serene, and rural Lares order forth
Thy tender Infant, not from needleſs Fears
And vain Precaution, did ſhe dare to thwart
The Dictates of Humanity. She ſees,
What do not to thy Eye perhaps appear,
The dreadful Train of Ills, which ſwarm within
Th' unhallow'd Precincts. Well ſhe knows how few
Out of the many Myriads city-born

Survive,

Survive, in juſt Proportion ſcann'd with thoſe
Who baſk in freer Day. Much can no doubt
A Parent's warm and unabating Love,
And hard it is to part. But can'ſt thou purge
Th' unwholeſome Atmoſphere, gravid with Seeds
Of latent Sickneſs? Suffocation fell,
Angina, apthous Sores, Eruptions dire,
Pertuſſis fierce, and ſqualid Atrophy?
Say, can'ſt thou bid the flagging South ſpeed by,
Nor over his peculiar Manſion brood
With darkening Plume, of Poiſon and of Death
Prolific? When each Danger I review,
By Heaven, I ſcarce would wiſh thee to attempt
The Nurſes' Taſk, though nought ſhould intervene
Of fatal Accident, and thou art bound
By every Tye of Nature to the Deed.
For can'ſt thou round thy Infant's Brow entwine
A magic Wreath? Or cauſe an Angel lift
His ſhielding Arm? Thou can'ſt not: Follow then

The Precepts of Experience; yet let oft
Maternal Fondneſs guide thee to the Place
Where reſts the little Sojourner, there view
How cheriſh'd, how improv'd, and lingering chide
The rapid Step of ſtill-progreſſive Time
Which hurries thee reluctantly away.

But can the Mother change unblam'd the Town,
For ſome ſequeſter'd Villa? What denies,
Her Bed of Sickneſs quitted, to retreat
And ſeek the Haunts, where Peace on Flowers reclin'd
Liſts to the warbling Songſter of the Grove?
Or from the gently-riſing Hill ſurveys
The grazing Herds, and Rivulet which winds
Meand'ring through the diſtant Vale? Where Health
Sports on the level Green, and young Delight
Smiling attends: Where bounteous Nature ſheds
Her choiceſt Bleſſings, and with guardian Wing
Protects her favourite Progeny. Retire,

My

My fair Diſciple, haſte to Scenes like theſe,
And underneath thy Roof invite to dwell
The Foſterer of thy Child. Deſpiſe with me
The ideot Train of Vanity and Pride,
The Foppery of Cuſtom, quaint Parade
Of ceremonial Viſit, idle Farce
Of Maſquerade, or Ball where real Joy
Ne'er enter'd, Converſations gayly dull
Unbleſt by exil'd Friendſhip, Glare of Courts,
And Mummery of the Great. Be't thine to walk
With Reaſon, and enjoy th' harmonious Voice
Of conſcious Rectitude, whoſe ſoothing Strain
Can lift the Soul beyond what vulgar Thought
Can diſtantly imagine. If thou muſt
Require another's Aid thy Place to fill,
Her Conduct thou direct, and regulate
The Manner of her Life, a Pleaſure this
Inferior, yet affording ample Room
To gratify the finer Nerve of Love.

To ſee thy Subſtitute at ſtated Times
The life-ſuſtaining Food ſupply, to mark
How thrives her young Dependent, and each Day
Appears Addition manifeſt to gain
In Size and Stature, while his Face beams forth
At leaſt to Fancy's peering Eye, the Dawn
Of future Reaſon, and Intelligence.

HERE, as in all Things, Nature opens wide
Her Page inſtructive. Did'ſt thou not behold
How in her homely Dwelling, Health array'd
With roſeate Hue the Cheeks, and firmly ſtrung
The Muſcles of her elder Boy thy Nurſe
Hath left behind? She was not ſurfeited
With dainty Cates, and high luxurious Fare
When him ſhe ſuckled, never did a Draught
Stronger than Water paſs her thirſty Lip,
Pernicious Ale ſhe knew not. When releas'd
From ſhort Confinement, to her Wants no friend,

No menial Servant miniſtered, her Babe
She fill'd, then gave up to the ſoft Embrace
Of Sleep; mean while no ſedentary Life
She led, ſhe ſpun the Woof, in Order meet
She ſet her Cott, the Viands ſhe prepar'd
With which at Even-tide to welcome Home
The Huſband whom ſhe lov'd: Or in her Arms
Bearing her grateful Burthen, out ſhe hied,
Braving the Summer's Heat, or Winter's Cold,
And as ſhe walk'd caroll'd th' incondite Lay
Of ruſtic Merriment. Seek not to change
Her uſual Regimen, for if thou doſt
Should ſhe eſcape the Fever which impends,
Expect thy Child, attack'd by cholic Pangs,
To writhe in Torture, or perhaps at once
Convulſive Spaſms ſhall ſnatch him from the World.
For now her Stomach, which from Diet hard
By Habit's Force, and potent Exerciſe
Elaborated Chyle of blandeſt Sort,

Oppreſs'd

Oppreſs'd by Crudities, corrupts the Blood
With viſcid Recrement. Or elſe the Brain,
That Source of Motion, urg'd by Sympathy,
Creates new Impulſes of morbid Kind
The vital Threads affecting, and from thence
The ſalient Arteries, and ruddy Stream
Within their Coats contain'd, the Glands from it
Their various Store ſecreting, nor eſcapes
Among the reſt the lacteal Tide, the Food,
By Nature of thy Child, but now his Bane.

O HABIT! Powerful Ruler of Mankind,
Great Principle of Action! Reconcil'd
By thee to every Clime, the human Race
O'erſpread this Globe, around the frozen Pole
Scorn the ſtern Brow of Winter, nor beneath
The Equinoctial dread the Ray intenſe
Of ſcorching Phœbus; thou preſid'ſt well-pleas'd
O'er the innocuous vegetable Meal

Which

Which on the Banks of Ganges or of Ind
Satiates the temperate Bramin. Thou can'ſt tame
To wholeſome Nouriſhment the ſanguine Feaſt
Of th' ever-roving Scythian. To thy Laws
We ſubjugate the willing Neck, profeſt
Thy Vaſſals; nor the mental Faculties
Doſt thou not ſway; by thee inwrapt in Maze
Of ſubtle politics the Stateſman plans
His fraudful Schemes unceaſing. Thou ſuſtain'ſt
The Sage who labours for the public Good
With patriot Care, though oftentimes aſſail'd
By black Ingratitude. The midnight Lamp
Of Meditation, trimm'd by thee, reveals
To th' philoſophic Eye Truth's awful Face,
And all his Toil is Pleaſure. Led by thee,
The Bard retreats from Vice's noiſy Reign,
And in the ſecrete Grot with Fancy holds
Delicious Converſe, while her Hand withdraws
The Veil from Memory's ideal Store,

And all th' aſſociated Tribe of Thought
Diſplays before his View. Still may I bend
Before thy Shrine, O Habit, when thy Rules
With Nature's diſagree not, neither then
May we unpuniſh'd break them, elſe in vain
Shalt thou attempt to faſten round my Heart,
For know, that Reaſon and her Siſter Form,
Fair Virtue, can untwiſt thy magic Cords,
And to their Will, though not annihilate,
Can all thy Laws attemper and refine.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

INFANCY,

A

POEM.

ARGUMENT.

INTRODUCTION and Addreſs to Humanity and Simplicity. Importance of the Subject. Nurſery not unworthy the Notice of the Father. Aliment of Infants. Milk the only Proviſion of Nature. Folly of giving them various kinds of Food, and eſpecially of feeding them

them by Night. Reaſons, why Children ſhould not be fed by Night. Productive of ill Conſequences both to them and the Mother. The Cradle to be baniſhed. Exerciſe, and additional Food when Infants gain the Age of two months. Well-fermented Bread boiled in Water, and mixed with Milk, the beſt additional Food. This to be given with Moderation. Not to be fed in ſuch a quantity, as that their Stomachs may reject the Aliment. Erroneous Opinion that the Infant's vomiting is a Sign of Health. Apology for Mother's being led into Error. Deſcription of prejudice in general. Aptneſs of Mankind to be influenced by it. Age at preſent more enlightened. Mothers likewiſe ſhould ſtrive againſt its Power. Ill Effects of repletion even in grown Perſons. Convulſions, Fevers, and every ill

ſymptom

ſymptom of Teething, occaſioned by too full Diet. Nature to be ſatisfied, not over-loaded. Healthy appearance of Children temperately brought up, and pleaſing proſpect of their future behaviour in Life by that means. Weakly Children, tho' ſometimes of quick apprehenſions, not likely to perform the active Duties of Life, even if they arrive at Manhood. Healthy ſtate of the Child brought up by, and of the Mother who attends to theſe precepts. The *ſtorgè*, or natural affection of Parents to their Offspring, may be carried to exceſs. Women ſhould follow not only this inſtinctive guide, but be governed by Reaſon. Weaning. The fitteſt time when Children are about nine months old. Before this, proper to accuſtom them to other food; not ſolid, till they have cut their Teeth, but freſh Broths, Milk,

with Bread, Rice, *&c.* Vegetables alone, the cauſe of many complaints to Children. Importance of the female Character.

BOOK

BOOK THE SECOND.

ARE there with Pride elate, who caſt a Glance
Of ſupercilious ſcorn on Strains like theſe,
Stiling them low! While ſweet Humanity
Attentive liſtens, vain the Cynic Sneer,
Or Cynic Frown. She, her warm Cheek ſuffuſed
With Bluſhes ſprung from conſcious Honour, owns
She thinks no Taſk too mean, no Work too low,
Whoſe End is public Good; would ſave a Life
Rather than wear a Crown; and ſooner give
One Ornament to grace the Common-weal,
Than purchaſe a whole Empory of Wit.
Come modeſt Dame, and o'er my Numbers meek
Bear Sway; come with Simplicity, who hates
The ſwelling Phraſe bombaſt, th' inſipid Term

Pompouſly

Pompouſly introduced, as Painters vile
Daub o'er with glaring Colours forms uncouth,
Dazzling the Eye: She too ſhall bid the Train
Of haughty Ignorance (for 'tis the Curſe
Of Pride to be with Ignorance conjoin'd)
Keep far aloof, nor read the hallow'd Lay.

YET not alone to Women do We write,
The Nurſe or Mother. Subjects ſuch as theſe
Oft have the Sages Old of Greece or Rome
In ſtudious Mood employ'd; full well they knew
That from the Birth thoſe Heroes muſt be form'd,
Whom Athens might with future Joy admire
Or hardy Sparta: Heroes who might urge
To their ſublimeſt Pitch the Rights of Men,
Brave every Danger for their Country's Cauſe,
And make the Perſian tremble tho' incloſed
By countleſs Millions: Heroes who might act

Deeds

Deeds which the Gracchi would not bluſh to own,
Or Scipio, braveſt, nobleſt of Mankind.
Themes ſuch as theſe employ'd the generous Soul
Of Locke, when with the patriot Spirit fir'd
Of Plato or Lycurgus, He aſſay'd
The manly Taſk, from Cuſtom's harpy Claws,
And the ſoft lap of Luxury, to ſnatch
The Babe doom'd to enervate Idleneſs,
Or ſickly Languor; to implant his Mind
In vigorous Organs, Its impulſive Will
Apt to perform, and run with Eaſe and Strength
The great and difficult career of Life;
Deſirous to behold our Britiſh Youth
Out-rival antient Fame. Come then Ye Sires
Whom love of Offspring, or of Country ſways,
Think not theſe Strains, think not the Nurſery's Care
Beneath your Notice; trueſt Wiſdom calls,
And deep Philoſophy. O, aid the Toil
Of a fond Mother, with your Reaſon guide

Her gentler Faculties; invigorate
Her virtuous Weakneſs; to your well-known Voice
She will, ſhe cannot but with Pleaſure yield,
And follow Precepts ſanctified by You.

WHAT Aliment the tender Babe requires,
How beſt ſuſtain'd, the Muſe proceeds to ſing.
To Nature then attend: She hath prepared
No food but Milk alone, and if it flows
In plenteous rills, abundant is the Store.
Thus fed, the Lambkins round their bleating Dam
Sport frolickſome; the labouring Ox who turns
Patient all day the ſtubborn Glebe, by this
Nouriſh'd at firſt, his preſent Strength acquir'd.
And will thy Infant think'ſt thou ſtarve, ſupply'd
With this Nepenthe? Rather He will gain
New vigour every hour, and healthful Smile
Tho' Sickneſs ſcouls around. Yet ſome there are
Who cram fro m morn to noon, from noon to eve,

Nay

May through the Hours of Night, the ſuffering Child
With various Cates, heedleſs of Nature's lore,
Cruelly kind, unknowing that they thus
Fatten a Victim for the hungry Grave.
For from repletion every ill ſevere
Which threatens Childhood, arm'd with double Force
Invades the delicate Frame. How oft 'twere fit
The Suckling ſhould imbibe the milky Stream
From the firſt dawn of Morning, till the Sun
Sets in the Weſt, Experience muſt evince.
All do not feed alike, ſome greedily
Drain at a Meal the lacteal Beverage,
Others more nice require the frequent Treat.

YET when Night ſpreads her mantle o'er the Globe,
And leads on Sleep and Silence, it is meet
T' obey her Mandate; reſt thy careful Head
O Mother, let thy tender Nurſeling reſt.
Why wilt Thou anxious to thyſelf create

Unneceſſary

Unneceſſary pain? At Evening cloſe
Forth from her lair ſtarts the fell Lioneſs,
And thro' the gloomy Deſart urges on
Eager for prey her rapid ſtep, She leaves
Her ſleeping Young One, nor expects He Food
Till She returns with the grey Beam of Morn.
Yet this is He who ſhall hereafter reign
Lord of the Foreſt, and with kingly Voice
Appall his liſtening Subjects. But thy Heart
Is ſoft, and cannot bear thy Infant's Cries.
O Heaven forbid that I ſhould wiſh thy Breaſt
Steel'd to his real Miſery! But theſe
Are Cries which evil Cuſtom hath begot,
And blind Indulgence; Unalarm'd ſuſtain
A few ſhort Trials, bear unmov'd the Shock
At firſt; indulg'd not, He will fret no more.
Believe Me, not from Hunger, not from Pain
Theſe wailings ſpring; eaſy it is to mark
The difference 'twixt the agonizing Shriek

Of

Of Pain, and Sobs like theſe. To crown thy Child
With Health, ſome little violence endure:
Nor to the Dictates plain of candid Truth
Thy antient Nurſe's doating ſaws prefer.

THE Stomach ever full, is ever weak:
But from refreſhing Sleep and Abſtinence
Digeſtion thrives, and kindlieſt Nutriment
Th' abſorbent Veins inhale, wherewith the warm
And plaſtic Arteries by due Degrees
Upbuild the human Fabric; or by which
Each ſlender Thread and Fibre is evolv'd,
Gaining myſteriouſly their deſtin'd Bulk
And firm elaſtic Motion. Robb'd of Sleep
The Warrior droops his head, and longs no more
To plunge amid the Fight: The Ruſtic faints,
Vigorous e'erwhile, nor ſtrains his ſinewy Arms
Holding the Plough, but nerveleſs and unmann'd
Preſſes his homely Pallat, ſending forth

Vain wiſhes to the Power who from him flies.
And can the gentle frame of Woman bear
Conſtant diſturbance and unreſt? Her Strength
Melts down apace, the bloom forſakes her Cheeks,
A peeviſh liſtleſſneſs ſucceeds, She pines,
And over-ſedulous is now unfit
To fill that office which She moſt deſires.

WOULD'ST Thou thy Child to paſs the hours of night
Wrapt in Sleep's downy plumage? Baniſh far
The lazy Cradle, uſeleſs but to give
Eaſe to the indolent attendant Race,
Who fain would batten in perpetual Sloth,
Who ſhrink at ſlighteſt Toil, and ill deſerve
The viands they devour. At firſt indeed,
During the circuit of a Moon or twain
'Tis fit thy Charge ſhould only eat and ſleep;
Nature demands it. Afterward contract
The hours of ſleep by Day, and in the Arms

Of

Of Carefulneſs let Exerciſe divert
The lively Infant; chiefly when his Eye
Now looks around unknowing what He ſees,
Now when He ſprings, and ſpreads his little Arms,
And ſmiles, and utters Sounds which ſtrike thine Ear
With wondrous Pleaſure. Tho' We now permit
Some added Food, its quality regard,
As of important conſequence. We praiſe
Above the reſt the farinaceous Tribe,
Bread well-fermented, unadulterate
With deleterious Alum, this with Milk
And with the limpid Element decoct.
Yet always mindful of the golden Mean,
Be even this with Moderation uſed,
Nor ever glut the Stomach till it loathes,
And the ſuperfluous Aliment rejects.
The wrinkled Sibyl laugh to ſcorn, and all
Her Dreams fallacious, when pronouncing this
A Sign of Health. Nature indeed is kind,

And various her Attempts t' evacuate
What would be noxious, and 'tis well thy Child
Hath ſtill ſufficing ſtrength. But He, poor Babe,
Had He but Senſe to guide his Appetite,
Would ſhun this Conſequence of mere Exceſs,
No Proof of Health, diſguſtful to the Eye.

We blame thee not for yielding to the Voice
Of Error; if beneath the ſolemn Garb
Of old Experience hid, and ſelf-convinced,
Not meaning to deceive, how ſhould thy Young
Untutor'd Mind reſiſt her Lore? But when
Truth meets thy Sight, and pointing ſhews the Way
To Nature's Bower, thy blind Aſſociate quit,
Enter the hallow'd Shade, converſe with her
Pure Nymph, peruſe her lineaments divine,
And to her Voice impartial ope thy Heart.

It is not ſtrange that Prejudice ſhould gain
Acceſs to thy ſoft Boſom. Who can boaſt
His freedom? Wide and potent is her Sway.
No Fiend in ſtronger Bonds hath held confin'd
The groaning Nations. In Cimmerian Cave
Where Light ne'er penetrates, but Darkneſs ſits
In fixt eſſential Majeſty enthron'd,
Unconſcious Sloth by Ignorance compreſs'd
Brought forth this Monſter. To the Haunts of Men
Taking her way, the Stars grew pale; her wings
She ſpread incumbent o'er the ſubject World,
Nor ſuffer'd Men to view what ſlender Bounds
Divided them from Brutes; in torpid State
Plung'd deep, they lay ſupine for many an Age
Till Ægypt firſt rebell'd: Mother of Arts,
And boaſted Fount of Wiſdom. Yet, tho' bold
Th' Adventure, She to burſt the galling Chain
Strove unſucceſsful. Mid the Twilight Groves
Of ſacred Memphis, on the Banks of Nile,

Proliſic,

Prolific, wondrous Stream, or round the Walls
Of hundred-gated Thebes, in cloſeſt League
With Superſtition dwelt the odious Peſt,
And underneath her Hieroglyphic Veil
Falſehood and Truth commingled. Nor in Greece
Reign'd She leſs abſolute; Her Sages hence
Built their fallacious Syſtems, airy Shades,
And Phantoms of the Brain; with wordy War
Fought in defence Each of his waking Dream,
And ſuffer'd Truth with Socrates t' expire.

How long beneath her Power did Europe bend!
Prompted by her, Ambition Eagle-wing'd
Taught antient Rome, amid the Luſt of Sway,
Intent on crimſon Conqueſt, to neglect
Humanity and Virtue; till the Pile
By Valour rear'd, fell from its giddy Height,
Shatter'd within by Luxury, without
Aſſail'd by Savage Fierceneſs. Then what Depth

Of

Of native Gloom, of thick-incircling Night,
Witneſs'd her preſence! Every Art was loſt,
Each Effort of the Mind; or elſe ſunk low
Crouch'd to the Yoke; while o'er the puzzled Schools
Exalted, ſhook his worſe than iron Rod
The Tyrant Stagyrite; and Phyſic awed
By Galen's ſullen Genius dar'd not heal.
Each lovelier Grace, each Elegance unknown,
Each genuine Ornament, till Leo came.
Philoſophy extinct, till Bacon roſe
The Morning Star of Science, by whoſe Beams
Tranſpierc'd, as erſt the fabled Python fell,
Lay vanquiſh'd huge Authority. Then firſt
Experiment with radiant Lamp diſcloſed
The Stores of bigot Time, and taught with nice
Laborious Hand from each fictitious Gem
To ſeparate the true. Hence Day by Day
The rigid Shackles fall ſelf-looſed, or brace
Mankind leſs ſtrictly; We for Nature's Laws

Read

Read Nature only; Wiſdom ſmiles ſerene
With Freedom bleſs'd, and Fools alone are Slaves.

And ſay wilt Thou in this enlight'ned Age
O Mother, ſingle ſtand, and lend thine Ear
To Hoar and Quaint Tradition? Wilt thou treat
Thy Child by their Opinion, whoſe Advice
Thou would'ſt not follow in one Act beſide?
Judge by thyſelf. What languor, what fatigue
Attends the fuller Meal! What dire Effects,
What Tumults oft from the crude Surfeit riſe!
And why is Reaſon thine, if not with Care
To govern Him whoſe yet unripen'd Frame
Of Senſe is vacant? Tho' with greater Eaſe
His Stomach may the ſuperplus expel
Than older Gluttony, yet Caution dreads
Events unfortunate, the Nerves convuls'd,
Fever, and each ill Symptom which attends
The growing Teeth. Unſkill'd to curb himſelf,

His Appetite guide Thou: thus ſimply fed,
Each Meal affording what may ſatisfy,
Not burthen Nature, on thy happy Child
Hygeia ſhall with Eye propitious look.
His ſhall be comely Vigour, winning Smiles,
Freedom from Pain, Protection from Diſeaſe,
And Stamina well-knit to undergo
Each future Change of ever-varying Life,
Each Toil, each Danger, nay perhaps a Baſe,
On which hereafter may be firmly rear'd
Each Virtue, ſocial, public, warm, refin'd,
Each Intellectual, moral Excellence.

For though the Child of weaker Nerves may ſeem
With quickeſt Parts endow'd, yet ſhould He riſe
Through numerous Perils to the Height of Man,
Oppreſs'd with liſtleſs Torpor, how can He
Brave the meridian Ray of public Life?
Reflecting on Himſelf, how ſhall his Mind

Expand t'wards others' Feelings? Nay too oft
Thoſe Bloſſoms immature of Senſe, on which
We gaze with Pleaſure and Aſtoniſhment,
Spontaneous from the blighted Stalk deſcend
Or yield harſh taſteleſs Fruit. This Stroke ſevere
Thou ſhalt avoid more rationally kind,
Thou wilt not gorge thy Child; and all Night long
He ſleeps ſerene, an Interval of Reſt,
In which the Stomach clear'd of every Load
Fortuitous, its healthful State preſerves.
He wakes alert, prompted by Hunger keen
T'imbibe the Draught nutritious. Thee too Sleep
Hath charm'd with opiate Rod; no froward Cries,
No Tortures of thy Infant, cauſed by Crude,
Unwholſome, or accumulated Fare,
Have broke thy tranquil Slumbers. Thou too ſeeſt
Placid the break of Morn, and to thy Babe
The well-ſecreted, copious Aliment
Prepar'ſt to give; which, ſad anxiety

And reſtleſs Hours (in Her who idly fond
And painfully ſolicitous hath watch'd
The Night for other Purpoſes deſign'd)
Rob of its balmy Eſſence, elſe deriv'd
Sprightly and plenteous from the genial Chyle,
A weak, thin, vapid, unſubſtantial Juice;
Whence to the tender Organs of her Babe
A morbid Irritation, which deſtroys
Their natural, and neceſſary Tone,
Till haply dire Diſeaſe, or Death enſues.

Is there a ſtronger Principle infix'd
In Human Nature, than the zealous Warmth
A Mother t'ward her Infant feels? Yet thin
Is the Barrier dividing Right from Wrong,
Virtue from Vice. The nobleſt Qualities
Indulged t' exceſs, a different Hue aſſume,
No longer noble. Courage may be chang'd
To brutal Force; to Prodigality

The generous Sentiment; to Licence rude
Freedom's bright Flame; and tender Nuptial Love
To mean Uxoriouſneſs. What finer Joys
Inſpire the Soul more exquiſitely form'd,
By vulgar Minds unheeded! But beware
Leſt Senſibility itſelf, uncheck'd,
Extinguiſh its Delights; leſt Pity bleed
At every pore, intolerable Smart
Enduring; leſt the ſofter Paſſion urge
If unſucceſsful, to the wan Abode
Of Madneſs or Deſpair; leſt Taſte exact
Turn to faſtidious Niceneſs, coveting
With vain Deſire among the Works of Men
To find Perfection. Thou too curb thy Zeal
O Mother, that impulſive Ardour rule,
That Love inordinate, which urges on
To Weakneſs, and perverts to criminal
The ſweeteſt, beſt Emotions of thy Soul.

WHENCE is this nameleſs Energy? This power
So forcibly attractive? Who intwin'd
Its ſubtile Threads? And round the willing Heart
Braced firm the Cord myſterious? Who, but He!
The prime Intelligence! Who firſt call'd forth
From warring Chaos this fair Frame of Things!
Who bade each Part with Animation glow!
And what He will'd t' exiſt, in Order due
Not of continued, but ſucceſſive Life
Will'd to preſerve. Who taught the winged Race
Among impervious Shades with matchleſs Skill
To form their Neſts, and guard their callow Brood.
The Natives of the Fields, and deſart Wilds,
A fit Retreat to ſeek, the rocky Cave,
Thicket, or Mountain high. Who gives them all
A thouſand Wiles, a thouſand Stratagems
Of crafty Policy, from hoſtile Force
To ſave their Young; and to defend them, fills
E'en the moſt timid with impetuous Strength,

And Senſe of Proweſs never felt before,
Inſtinct alone, their Tutoreſs and Guide;
But Inſtinct, and ſuperior Reaſon thine.

THUS while nine Moons have known Increaſe and wane
Taught to proceed, the pleaſing taſk of Care
Is ſtill unfiniſh'd, much remains unſung.
Now is the Seaſon by Experience deem'd
Moſt meet, an arduous Duty to attempt.
Arduous to ſome; but not to thee, whoſe Mind
Reaſon enlightens with benignant Ray,
Shewing the Bounds 'twixt true parental Love,
And its fond fooliſh Mimic. Thou canſt look
Beyond the preſent, no dull Slave of Senſe,
And for a laſting Good, moſt willingly
Endure ſome tranſient Pain. Thy Child long time
Fed by thy vital Fluid, now requires
Diſmiſſion from the Breaſt. Yet not at once,
As ſome have taught erroneous; ſuch our Frame

That every Raſh and ſudden Change may prove
The Source of Harm. More Wiſe and cautious Thou
Break through the Tye of Habit by degrees;
And e'er the Stream maternal be refuſed,
His Taſte to different Nutriment incline.

Besides the added Food e'er while allow'd,
What Diet do we grant? Some would defer
To Years more vigorous all that tyrant Man
The univerſal Glutton, from the Race
That grazes on the Plain, or ſkims the Flood,
Or cleaves with nimble Wing the yielding air,
Culls for his Uſe; and would not that the Child
Should taſte of aught but what the fruitful Earth
Plant, Herb, or Grain produces, with the Stream
The lowing Kine afford. There are no doubt
Who to the lateſt Stage of Life arrive,
Thus always nouriſh'd. On the Shores of Ind
Checkt by religious fears, whole Tribes refuſe

To bathe their hands in Blood, leſt thro' the wound
A kindred Soul ſhould fly; yet ſome paſs thro'
A century of Years (ſo Fame reports)
By ſickneſs unſubdued. Where high aſcend
Our Caledonian hills, the hardy North
A Gallant Offspring boaſts, whom Fate denies
T' indulge in aught but vegetable Meals,
Yet when their Country calls them forth to arms,
Waving her ſtandard to their view, they ruſh
Impetuous forth, and terrible in war,
Dread as the Lion hurt, in every Clime
They fight, they conquer, hearing but their name
The diſtant Foe grows pale. Yet prone to doubt
'Tis not enough before the Sage to place
Theſe ſeeming fair examples. He will judge
Not from a Race of Men by Habit ſway'd
Harden'd by Cuſtom, not from every rare
Occurrence of Longevity; or thoſe
The Minions of their Clan, who ſeek the Fields

Where

Where rages fell Bellona. He requires
A ſtrict impartial Liſt, to know if more
Thus educated, ſhun Diſeaſe and Death
E'er Cuſtom's Laws are fix'd, than thoſe to whom
A diverſe Treatment is aſſign'd. And here
Theſe diſtant Facts ſtill undetermined left,
Th' inſtructive Muſe ſhall teach from what her Eyes
Have clearly ſeen; though ſocial, not inclin'd
To Luxury's various Table, though humane,
No follower of the Samian Sect. Howe'er
The Infant form'd perhaps with ſtronger Nerves,
Or of peculiar Nature, may eſcape
The blaſting Hand of Sickneſs, nay may thrive
On vegetable Fare, yet oft we view
Where Poverty more generous Food denies,
Tottering Rachitis ſeize its helpleſs Prey,
Or ſlow-conſuming Tabes, or within
The inteſtinal Tube the tortuous Worm
Finding a ſure Aſylum, multiplies

His noiſome Race. Hence the unweildy Head,
Diſtended Joints, Limbs variouſly incurv'd.
Hence the ſunk Cheek, the hollow lifeleſs Eye.
Hence Loſs of balmy Sleep, and Appetite,
Convulſive Motions, agonizing Spaſms,
And Symptoms which in order to arrange
The Coan Sage had fail'd. For Spite of thoſe
Who idly ſpeculate, by Fancy ſway'd
Or Superſtition, We aſſert that Man
Is form'd to mix his Diet, Plant, and Seed,
And Animal: This can th' Anatomiſt
With Eaſe demonſtrate, this to Reaſon's Mind
Is clear'd from doubt. The Crude or viſcid Juice
Which Herb or Root ſupplies, with Toil perſpir'd
Weakens the Stomach, whoſe Contraction fails
Not juſtly ſtimulated: While the Skin
Its Pores block'd up, or e'en its Texture chang'd,
Is cover'd o'er with Incruſtations foul,
Scarcely, if ever, by th' abſterſive Wave

Of

Of tepid Bath removed. But if by Fate
Theſe Viands are refuſed, condemn'd to taſte
Nought but Bird, Fiſh, or Beaſt, a putrid Maſs
Is gender'd, which pollutes the vital Flood
And taints each Humour, till the general Frame
Diſſolves as in a Thaw. Theſe Truths regard;
By Nature heeded, when with Care She form'd
The Milk maternal; a peculiar Mixt,
Skilfully blended, by Digeſtion due
Or in its paſſage thro' the lacteal Glands
Animalized, and render'd fit to tame
The Ferment of Acidity, to which
Childhood is prone. Whence We conclude, that now
When from the Breaſt exiled, as far as Art
Her nicer Laws can imitate, 'tis right
T' adapt its Food and mingle Aliment
Of alkaleſcent Sort, with that which elſe
Might to incorrigible Acid turn.

THIS to prevent, perhaps the bounteous Streams
Of Pales, from each wholeſome Plant which crowns
Th' irriguous Mead ſecreted, tho' confeſs'd
Of Virtues rare, and intermediate State
'Twixt animal and vegetable Kind,
Will want ſufficient Power. We fear not then
To bid thee from the Herd or Flock derive
Part of thy Infant's Suſtenance; but not
With Licence uncontroul'd. As yet the Spoon
Reject not, nor preſume with ſolid Meats
To ſatiate Hunger, till the riſing Teeth
Spring from their latent Seeds, and deck the Mouth
Two rows of pureſt White. The Fibres elſe
Cloſe-woven, will not to Digeſtion yield,
A harden'd, tough, indomitable Maſs:
Nor will the ſalivary Glands emit
Their needful Liquid. Rather with the Force
Of Fire extract the fine nutritious Juice,

Mixt

Mixt with the virgin Lymph; with this combine
The generous Gifts of Ceres; and behold
The Dairy offers its nectareous Store;
And Carolina ſends her pearly Grain.

RARE, and more rarely, now thy Breaſt unveil,
Nor to a diſtant Day protract the Time
Of final Separation; He requires
No farther Aid of thine; thee other Cares
Haply demand, thee other Duties, go;
Thou wert not form'd for One alone, tho' dear;
Go bleſs thy Huſband with a numerous Race,
Beauteous like this, like this with Health adorn'd.

How high the Rank in Life of Womankind!
Their Station how important! Hapleſs He
Who lives unconſcious of their worth! The Fool
Of groſſer Senſe, or airy Libertine

Who

Who draws his Judgment from the forward few,
Or yielding weak, and dares with impious Tongue
Pronounce them all Slaves of Vanity,
By Paſſion ever led, by Flattery won.
Their Frame like ours, but with ethereal Touch
More delicately limb'd. The ſame their Souls,
More ſoft, more ſenſible, and more refin'd.
Each uncontaminated Briton owns
And feels their Virtues. Poliſhers of Life!
Sweeteners of ſavage Care! Who tune the Breaſt
To Harmony, or prompt to glorious Deeds
And emulative Toil. To Friendſhip's Flame,
To Gratitude, how exquiſitely true!
Who tender Confidence repay with Love,
Integrity unſhaken, Faith moſt pure,
Warm, zealous Loyalty. With Honour clad,
As with a Robe, and beauteous Ornaments
Of unaffected Modeſty. Well-ſkill'd
To form the growing Soul, and on its Young

And opening Bud to fix th' Impreſſion deep
Of every generous Thought, which ſtimulates
The future Man, to love of Parents, Friends,
Offspring, and ſacred Freedom, while as yet
Corruption ſuffers, in her favourite Iſle
The Goddeſs to reſide. Far hence, away,
Ye groveling Senſualiſts, to Eaſtern Climes!
Where Luſt, and barbarous Jealouſy immure
The paſſive Slaves! What Joy can Beauty give,
When ſtrays th' unfetter'd will? Or when in calm,
And thinking Hour, the Mind unſatisfied
Contemns the looſer Objects of Deſire,
Pining for Sympathy! And feels a Void,
Which roving Licence never can ſupply?
The wanton Dance, the ſoft Voluptuous Strain
Sung to the melting Viol, nought inſpires,
But Languor and Diſguſt. Miſtaken Men!
Who loſe the better Portion of their Time,

The

The dear domeſtic Hour; the converſe bland,
Fruition of the Soul, Love's balmy Zeſt
Which never cloys; parental Cares conjoin'd;
Divided Griefs; reciprocal Delights;
The Life of Nature, Reaſon, Virtue, Bliſs.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

INFANCY,

A

POEM.

ARGUMENT.

INTRODUCTION. Addreſs to Dr Cullen. The Diet before mentioned to be continued for twelve months longer. The invitiated Taſte of Children to be conſulted. Error of giving them whatever we like ourſelves. Deſcription of artificial and more poliſhed Life. Progreſs from thence to Luxury, and all its bad effects. Particularly the Abuſes of the Table. In our

colder climates, ſpices, and ſtimulating condiments not neceſſary. More eſpecially noxious to Children. Inſtinct leads them to reliſh more bland and inſipid food. Ill Effects of indulging Children with wine. One meal a-day of any ſimple animal food with vegetables and bread to be allowed to Children. The fleſh of the wilder, older, and darker grained animals require a larger proportion of vegetables, as being more alkaleſcent. Pickles, ſalted meats, and ſweetmeats condemned. The only drink of Children ſhould be water. Praiſe of that element. Fruits recommended. When arrived at the age of four years, the Meals of Children to be regulated and confined to the common ſtated times. Other meals beſides Dinner, to conſiſt of broths, milk inſpiſſated with rice, or other of the Farinacea. Advantages of a Child thus brought up, over others. Concluſion.

BOOK

BOOK THE THIRD.

AGAIN from buſy Care, from Thoughts which prey
On the reflecting Mind, from the rank Walks
Of Men, where Folly dwells, and baſe Deſign,
And Flattery mean, and ſervile Complaiſance,
From the diſſembled Friend whoſe hollow Heart
Profeſſing Service, aims but to deceive,
I ſeek the Muſe; whoſe Charms can ſoftly ſteal
Affliction from itſelf, whoſe Power can ſmoothe
The Paths of rugged Toil, can heal the Wound
Of Diſcontent, and calm the throbbing Breaſt
Of deep Reſentment. To my Theme again
Well-pleas'd I turn, and view the artleſs Race
Of Infant Innocence, as yet unwarp'd
By Education, blameleſs Nature their's,

And

And Paſſions undebauch'd, from Envy free,
From Guile, and that aſſembled Crew of Ills
Produced by Commerce with a tainted World.

And ſay wilt Thou, (to whom e'er now had flow'd
The grateful Verſe, if apprehenſive Doubt
Had not ſhrunk fearful from the public Eye,
And dreaded leſt thy Praiſes ſhould appear
Link'd to our ſlighted numbers.) Say, wilt Thou
CULLEN! Illuſtrious Name! Great Ornament
Of this our Iſle! Of piercing Eye to trace
The Haunts of Error through the winding Maze
Of every devious Syſtem! Chief Support
Of thy Edina's Academic Fame,
While to thy Precepts liſtening, round thee throngs
Ingenuous Youth from each far-diſtant Shore,
And bigot Envy droops beneath the Ray
Of thy ſuperior Luſtre! In whoſe Heart
Dwells Candour, Inmate of the truly great,

And

And modeſt Diffidence. Whom Judgment ſage
By long Experience taught, directs to fix
The Bounds of Theory, ne'er own'd a Guide
But where Obſervance faithfully ſevere
Hath fail'd to pry; yet by her Labours ſkill'd,
As with a Glance, nicely to ſeparate
What vulgar Minds by ſeeming Likeneſs caught,
Abſurdly blend; and deem thy Conduct raſh,
Till they behold with wonder Health array
Thoſe Cheeks in roſy Mantle, which they doom'd
The Prey of Death. For Mem'ry to thy Eye
Her faireſt, freſheſt tablet ſwift preſents,
And Method gives that readineſs of Thought
By them aſcrib'd to Fancy, but which ſprings
From painful Application. Say wilt Thou
Accept our Lays inſcrib'd to thee? Thou wilt,
For in thy Breaſt the ſofter Graces dwell.
Nor hath Philoſophy with ſtern controul
Leſſen'd the milder Virtues of the Man;

Thine

Thine is the Breath ſincere of Friendſhip, thine
Compaſſion's unaffected Ardour, thine
The Huſband's and the Father's tender Love,
And warm Benevolence incircling all.

FROM thy more ſtrict Attendance, now thy Child
Is freed O Mother, wean'd from thy Embrace.
Yet tho' thy Boſom be denied, ſtill watch
With guardian Mind, ſtill heed our Strains, for thee,
For Him, attuned: Sincere, however elſe
Wanting due Ornament; nor haply needs
Important Truth the vivid Dreſs of words,
The tinſel Decorations which the Lay
Inferior claims. Nine Moons are paſt, twelve more
As we have taught, proceed; ſuch thrifty Fare
Is beſt; thy Child's pure Nature doth not aſk
Variety of Meats. He thrives, He grows,
His Cheeks unſullied Bloom, his Soul expands,
Thou ſeeſt his Smiles, his gay unceaſing Voice

Thou

Thou hear'ſt; what would'ſt thou crave? And now
His Strength inceaſed, his more elaſtic Limbs
By conſtant Motion exerciſed, his Teeth
Given for Utility, not ſhew, demand
Food more ſubſtantial. Yet, by every Grace
Which doth, or ought t' inform the Female Breaſt,
By holy Temperance, by every nice
Exciting Senſibility, but chief
By that internal Sting which goads the Soul
To potent Love of Offspring, I conjure,
I charge thee Mother, Friend, with ſtrict Regard
Conſult thy Child's unvitiated Taſte.
O, as Thou would'ſt th' invenom'd Adder ſhun
Renounce their falſe Opinion, who miſled
By Ignorance misjudging, think whate'er
Delights their groſſer Appetites, will pleaſe
Will ſuit the unhabituated Lip;
And thus unknowing but with liberal Hand
Cheriſh their Babes with Poiſon. Wretched Race?

Unconſcious

Unconſcious Criminals! Murthering thro' Love
The hapleſs Beings they would die to ſave.

By ſocial Laws eſtranged from Nature's Paths,
We lead an artificial Life; and feel
Unnumber'd Wants, which Indolence begets
On fond Imagination. Poliſht high
The cultivated Manners yield no Doubt
Joys of ſuperior Kind; hence ſpeaks the Stone
At Sculpture's Touch, the breathing Canvas lives,
And Poetry and Muſic fire the Soul.
A thouſand nameleſs Elegancies mix
Our jarring Minds, and by colliſion ſoft
Vanquiſh their native Roughneſs; Modeſt Love
Binds her enchanting Ceſtus; on our Steps
The Graces wait; our Eyes let fall the Tear
Of ſacred Pity; and Benevolence
Tho' powerleſs to relieve, affords a Sigh.
The chaſter Genius of convivial Mirth

Around

Around our Table ſmiles, and drives far off
Brutal Ebriety; Profuſion yields
The Place to Neatneſs; and th' internal Senſe
Is Caterer to th' external. Thus uprais'd
By ſlow Degrees from Barbariſm obſcure
Man gains his Elevation. O, how bleſt,
Could ever-roving Fancy be content!
But always on the Wing She ſtrains her Flight
In queſt of Novelty. Hence every Thread
Fine-ſtretch'd before, muſt ſtill be finer drawn.
Our poliſht Manners turn to frivolous;
The Soul of Art neglected, We behold
The outward ſhew; Unſkill'd to comprehend
The large Deſign, on parts minute, on Toys,
And ſplendid Colourings We doat; reject
The Strain emphatic, curious of the Phraſe
Uncommon, or ſonorous Period round;
And Muſic muſt ſurprize, not charm the Heart.
To Elegance ſucceeds the ſpurious Brood

Of ſoft Voluptuouſneſs. Love, holy Love,
The faireſt flower Life's Garden e'er can boaſt,
Falls to the Ground, and changeful Wantonneſs
Rank particolour'd Weed ſprings forth, ſure bane
To every Virtue. Pity dwindles down
To mean Self-love; and ſeeming generous,
We're but the Slaves of Vanity. We ſeek
We covet the protracted Meal, and ſtill
Goad, as it fails, our jaded Appetite
With new Incentives. Ranſack every Clime,
Commerce the boaſted Cauſe, for every rare
And ſtimulating Condiment, ſpread o'er
Our northern Boards the Spices of the South,
Adapted to its Habitants, to Us
Noxious, and only fit to gratify
The Senſe debauch'd which loathes its proper Fare.

For by cold Gales our Muſcles firmly brac'd
Act with due Force: Or the ethereal Stream

Perhaps

Perhaps condens'd, flows ſtronger from the Brain,
And gives to every Limb its healthful Tone.
Not ſo beneath more torrid Heavens, there fail
The vital Powers, to mortal Languor doom'd,
Unleſs excited by th' internal Warmth
Of aliment more active. What to them
Nature commands, to Us She hath forbid.
And tho' no ſudden Ill aſſail our Frame,
At length the Stomach, urged beyond its Strength
By this prepoſterous Diet, fails, the Pulſe
Faintly contracts, each Nerve decays, Old Age
Steals immaturely on, and o'er the Head
Scatters untimely Snows. The ſofter Sex
Indulging thus, beſides the common Lot,
Suffer, peculiar Accidents, which well
The ſkilful Muſe, if ſo inclined, could ſing.
E'en Accidents which thwart the general Law,
Nor to their much-deſiring Souls allow
To claſp a Child, and bear a Mother's Name.

But whether Thou beneath the ſordid Yoke
Of Luxury wilt not bend, and truly wiſe,
Refined, but not enervate, view'ſt with Joy
The plain and frugal Table, ſuch as erſt
Angels and Patriarchs ſought: Or whether warp'd
By tyrant Cuſtom, as we bluſhing own
Many there are in theſe degenerate Days,
Women, the worſt of Epicures; remove
Far from thy Children each high-ſeaſon'd Diſh,
Each Sauce impregnate with the Seeds of Fire,
Each Spice, and pungent Vegetable, none
Admit, of foreign or of native Growth.

Short is the Time ſtretch'd to its utmoſt Date
Of Man's Exiſtence; to contract thy own
Intent, yet ſpare thy Child; draw not a Veil
O'er the young Morn of Life: from thee He ſprings,
Would'ſt Thou behold ſo ſoon his ſetting Beam?
Plunged in Death's ſable Wave e'er thou haſt run
Thy

Thy own brief Day? Daughter of Faſhion! No.
Tho' all thy relative Affections fade
And every ſoft Senſation droops beneath
The ſickly Blaſt of Pleaſure, tho' thou flit'ſt
On giddy Plume and thoughtleſs through the Wilds
Of Vanity and Folly, we acquit
Thy wandring Soul of wilful Homicide.
Read then th' inſtructive Page, and better taught,
Know Right from Wrong, and practiſe what thou know'ſt
Should'ſt Thou reject our Lays (as who can ſcan
The Deeds of mad Caprice?) well-pleaſed we turn
From gay Saloons, from Courts, from haughty Wealth,
And midnight Riot, to more gentle Scenes,
Sure of the ſpotleſs Heart, and its Applauſe.

HEED well thy Child O Parent; He will teach
Full oft the Diet ſuited to his Frame.
See with what Marks of Loathing He at firſt
Rejects the hot and acrid; Inſtinct dwells

Within

Within, a faithful Guard; his rapid Pulſe
And native warmth by theſe are quickly urged
Beyond their Bounds. He reliſhes the bland,
And to thy Taſte th' inſipid; theſe controul
Each Motion, nor permit his Heat to riſe
Above its due Degree. Nor leſs He ſhuns
Deſtructive Bacchus; why then will his Sire
By frequent repetition ſtrive t' o'ercome
Nature's diſlike? Why, but becauſe Himſelf
Fond of the roſy God, and led aſtray
By reverend Prejudice, He wholeſome deems
The fever-ſtirring Draught? Nor wants He names
Of high Authority, Phyſicians ſage
To ſanctify his Creed. But Uſe deſtroys
The End he ſeeks, and if Diſeaſe ſhould claim
The needful Aid of Wine, perhaps 'twill loſe
Its medicinal Power. To every Word
Each Act attentive, Children imitate
Whate'er they ſee or hear; this Principle

Strongly

Strongly within their little Breaſts alive,
Impels them oft to wage a hardy War
E'en gainſt Antipathy. Of this beware,
The Struggle nicely mark, and point their Aim
To proper Objects. Nor becauſe You praiſe
The circling Glaſs, and they with many a Sip
Conquer Averſion, deem that Nature prompts
To what, except more rarely, it abhors.

SAFE is the Maxim, rather to indulge
Averſion than Deſire; the one, by Art
Miſled, may urge to Danger, but t' abſtain
Will prove at leaſt innocuous. Nor believe
That from ourſelves We judge, and interdict
What our own Taſte refuſes. When the Frame
Is perfect, when the Fibres have acquir'd
Their utmoſt Growth, more ſteady are the Laws
Of our corporeal Organs, leſs diſturb'd,
To change leſs ſubject. Never would I fly

The

The friendly Intercourſe of Souls, which Wine
In moderate Draughts augments. Full well we know
Its power to chear the Wretch who ſtruggling lyes
Stretch'd on the ſickly Couch, to lenify
The putrid Force of Fever to impel
The languid-circling Blood, and cauſe the Pulſe
More vigorouſly to beat; to calm the Rage
Of Phrenzy, and Imagination's Tide
Wild-rolling to reſtrain till Reaſon ſmile.
For well we know its Power to raiſe the Strength
Of drooping Age, and in his torpid Limbs
Awake the latent Fire. But Childhood needs
No foreign Aid to ſtimulate the Brain.
Ever with rapid Speed from forth that Fount
Of Heat and Motion burſts the nervous Stream;
Each irritable Fibre is full-fraught
Almoſt t' Exceſs, nor aſks the leaſt ſupply.
Canſt thou improve on Nature? She this Store
Puts to its proper Uſe; this urges on
In due Proportion each increaſing Tube,

Muſcle,

Muſcle, and Bone, and Ligament. Canſt Thou
Direct her Actions? Rather ſhalt Thou find
T' exceed will cauſe defect, thy Child curtail'd
Of his juſt Size and Stature, weak, and wan.
And ſhould He ruſh hereafter, madly ruſh
Amid th' intemperate Herd, and daily ſeek
The noiſy Rout of Comus, how, too late
Wilt Thou repentant mourn thy raſh Exploit,
His Appetite firſt led aſtray by thee,
His early Reliſh of the fervid Bowl!

NICE, and perhaps erroneous in their Plan,
The younger Animals as yielding leſs
Of due Nutrition, and digeſted ſlow,
Some diſallow. Unneceſſary care!
The Old more ſwiftly th' inteſtinal Tube
Pervade we grant, more acrid is their Juice,
Therefore more ſtimulant; their Fibres hard,
With Labour wrought to Chyle. The Young are bland,

Compoſed of Humours ſuited to the Young,
Viſcous, nutritious, ſlower in their Courſe.
But as th' Abſorbents greedily imbibe
Whate'er is nutritive, by this Delay
They drink their Fill, and to the Solids add
The mild tenacious Subſtance. Yet, not bound
To partial Theory, without reſerve
We bid thee take thy Choice of all the Tribes
Which bounteous Heaven affords, and common Uſe
Prepares for Food of every Age and Size.
All but the ſtall'd, and cramm'd by filthy Sloth
And Gluttony perverted from the State
Of wholeſome Nature; ſend the odious Maſs
Of nauſeous Humours, and of rancid Oil
Far from thy Board. In ſimpleſt Manner dreſt,
Of theſe one daily Meal we grant thy Child;
But not commixt, his be one Diſh alone.
Grudge not with theſe of vegetable Store
A plenteous Portion, nor permit the Bread

To lye untouch'd beſide Him. Thus indulge
His Appetite, and let him freely eat
Till Hunger be ſufficed. This Rule obſerve;
Thoſe Animals which wildly range the Earth,
Or fluid Air, and thoſe of vigorous Age
With Fleſh of darker Grain, Experience finds
More alkaleſcent, theſe the freer Uſe
Of Plants and Herbs aceſcent will demand.
The tame, the young, and thoſe of whiter Hue
Require them leſs. Heed well what we condemn;
All things which Houſewife Art with Care preſerves,
Acid, or Salt, or Saccharine: all Cates
Of unfermented Flour compoſed, or thoſe
Of fulſome Sweetneſs, and enrich'd with Wine.

These let thy Child avoid. And be his Drink
The pureſt Element, with which of old
Heroes, and Champions at th' Olympic Games
Sated their Thirſt, and glorious Deeds perform'd

In War, and manly Exerciſe; or He
The Heaven-devoted Nazarene, to whom
Cords were as Threads, when fir'd with holy Zeal
He burſt his Bonds, and with his ſingle Hand
Hew'd down oppoſing Armies. Hence each Spring,
And bubbling Fountain, every Stream which flow'd
Pellucid o'er its pebbled Bed, was graced
By wiſe Antiquity with hallowed Forms,
Pure Nymphs, and gentle Naiads. Well they knew
The Virtues of the chryſtal Wave, e'er Vile
Fermented Liquors had inſlaved their Taſte,
And thinn'd Mankind. Paſs we th' Atlantic Foam,
Where Britain o'er her Alien Sons now claims
Diſputed Sway; a hardy People there
Inhabited, bold, active, in the Chace
Unequall'd, patient of Fatigue, to Foes
Tho' unrelenting, yet to Honour juſt,
True to their plighted Faith, to Strangers kind,

Not

Not one of Limb deform'd, or trembling Nerve
Among them dwelt, and num'rous were the Tribes.

We did not root them out with ſavage Hand,
And bathe their Fields in Blood, but to their Lips
More ſlyly proffer'd the Circean Charm.
They drank the Poiſon down, and by Degrees
Relinquiſh'd their paternal Fields to Us.
Rare, ſcatter'd are their Clans, ſome quite extinct,
Potent of Yore, e'er the deſtroying Draught
Was introduced. The Remnant are corrupt,
Perfidious, treacherous; European Cups
Have taught them every European Vice.
Still flouriſhing perhaps, had they diſdain'd
The Snare, contented with the ſimple Streams
Which iſſue from their Rocks. Give then thy Child
The blameleſs Fluid, friendly to Mankind,
From whence Hygeia fills her ſacred Urn,
Nectar of Paradiſe; nor will He gain

Unleſs

Unleſs debauch'd, a Liquor to his Taſte
More grateful. Nay, would'ſt Thou, if Age permit,
And Strength unbroken thy Example add,
Truſt Me no other Beverage will ſo well
Aſſiſt Digeſtion, none the Spirits chear,
Inſpire with calm Serenity the Mind,
And make the Night glide by in tranquil Sleep.

But lo! where with Vertumnus comes the Nymph
Preſiding o'er the Garden, in her Hand
Waves Amalthea's Horn, from whence ſhe pours
Her freſheſt Store! She aſks me, why to Her
This long Neglect? And bids me ſing her Gifts.
Her various Fruits, whoſe Juices the warm Sun
By ſecret Fermentation hath matured
From aqueous, acid, bitter, and auſtere
To rich luxurious Flavour. Hither lead
The Childiſh Train indulgent, let not Fear
In ſcanty Meaſure to their Taſte impart

The ripe and wholeſome Banquet. Still while roll
The ſummer Months along, while Heat intenſe
Darts through our Frame, and ſtimulates our Nerves,
Till Languor each o'erlabour'd Thread ſubdue,
And in each Tube the purple Current teems
With Seeds of putrid Violence, to them
The ſummer Months innocuous roll along,
Innocuous glows the fervid Sky, controul'd
Their baneful Influence by Pomona's Aid.

For them, unſparing (for We ſcarce can ſet
The Limits of Reſtriction) pluck thy Fruits,
Nature's delicious Antidote 'gainſt all
The hidden Venom of the ſultry Year,
Mild, cooling, ſaponaceous, nutritive.
For them the bluſhing Berry underneath
Its verdant Leaf is hid, for them adorns
Penſile its thorny Shrub, for them depends
The cluſtring Currant from its ſmoother Stem.

For them is deck'd each Tree. The ruddy Peach,
The golden Apricot, the Cherry, boaſt
Of Kentiſh Soil, the fragrant Nectarine,
The Plum, green, purple, azure, the moiſt Pear,
The Apple, theme of the Silurian Bard,
In fulneſs of Profuſion grow for them.
Nor would I when by Chance more vigorous Suns
Its Harſhneſs meliorate, not cull for them
Th' autumnal Grape, nor to their Lips forbid
The well-rear'd Melon, nor th' Anana's rich
And poignant criſpneſs. They are form'd for all,
And all for them. More cautiouſly ſupply
Whate'er by rough or bitter Huſk and Shell
Is circumſcribed, and all the Hoard which aſks
The mellowing Hand of Age. Or thoſe we gain
From Climes far-diſtant, e'er they have acquired
Their juſt Perfection gather'd; Shaddock crude,
Pomegranate, Orange. Let Heſperia's Sons,
The Antillean Planter, or the Tribes

Of

Of fertile Aſia, gratify their Taſte
With all the unearn'd Bounty of their Soil;
Yet is not ours ungrateful, Induſtry
Here crowns our Fields, our Gardens, and our Groves,
With Plenty all its own; Pomona ſmiles,
And owns that Cultivation oft beſtows
A Zeſt, which wilder Nature would deny.

E'ER yet we cloſe the Strain, one Error more
The Muſe ſhall combat. Tenderneſs will prompt
Whene'er thy Child ſhall aſk thee, to beſtow
The needleſs Viand. In his younger Days
We bound thee not to Rules. But now when o'er
His Head four annual Suns have roll'd, 'tis right
That He be taught ſubmiſſion to the Laws
Of ſocial Life, which ſtated Hours appoints
For Action, and Repaſt. Nor heed the Voice
Of Ignorance, which talks of Exerciſe
And quick Digeſtion. Often well we know
'Tis idle Wantonneſs, a vicious Taſte

Which claims reſtraint. But leſt Thou fear 'tis want,
And real hunger, from the coarſer Loaf
Supply his craving; thus thou ſhalt detect,
If feign'd his Appetite; if not, 'tis pure
Tho' homely Nutriment. His other Meals
Yet undirected, both at Morn and Eve,
Be freſh drawn Broths, and Milk in various Forms
With Rice, or other farinaceous Grain
Inſpiſſated. We would not ſtint thy Child,
And know his growth requires a conſtant Flux
Of plaſtic Fluids; nay, 'tis beſt to err,
If err, in quantity; the flexile Tubes
Of Children, will perhaps with Eaſe tranſpire
What is redundant. But with Heed obſerve:
Add thy Diſcretion to the Muſe's Lore:
And Reaſon, and Experience be thy Guides.

Now duly taught by thy maternal Care,
O never may He turn his vagrant Steps

Aſide,

Aſide, to dwell amid the hated Tents
Of beſtial Luxury! We would not wiſh
A ſtoical indifference, to fly
For ever thoſe Delights which ſway Mankind,
Th' exhilarating Bowl which opes the Heart,
And feſtive Banquet where preſide the Powers
Of Wit and decent Mirth; but may He live,
Born for Society, no Hermit ſour,
Or driveling Moraliſt, abſurdly grave,
And ſingularly dull. Temperate by choice,
But not auſterely abſtinent. By Thee
Is the Foundation in his primal Years
Firm laid, by which He need not ſacrifice
To rigid Niceneſs; but with Health his Friend,
Will not ſtart back from every little change
Which weaker Habits muſt with caution ſhun,
Or cannot with Impunity indulge.
Thine is the Work, and Gratitude ſhall then
Repay the Debt, the filial Debt He owes.

Then

Then ſhalt thou feel, tho' ſtrong th' inſtinctive Tye
Of blind Affection, what ſublimer Joys
Reaſon affords, the generous mutual Bond
Thy tender Love, his Tribute of the Soul.

THUS far the Muſe Didactic hath aſſay'd
Her purpoſed Theme, ſcattering before the Steps
Of Truth and Science, o'er their toilſome Paths
The not unfrequent flower, the Sweets which bloom
On thoſe delicious Banks for ever green,
Fed by tranſlucent Rills which murmuring ſweep
O'er Sands of Gold; where Fancy lovelieſt Nymph
Delighted ſtrays, or with the Sylvan Powers
Dryads and Fauns diſporting, joins the Dance,
And ſings her wildeſt Note; or ſilent ſtands
Her roving Eye, her giddy Step enthrall'd,
Attentive to Minerva's heavenly Voice,
Enamour'd of her Wiſdom, and from Her
Receives the potent Wand by Judgment form'd,

And waves it o'er her Works, which thence remain
Unfading and immortal. Reſt not here
O Virgin, ſtill be Infant Man thy Theme;
And what of cloathing, what of Exerciſe
He needs, relate: Nor his Diſeaſes ſcorn
With Hand benign to paint, and teach the Cure.

THOU wilt not, if the ſharp inclement Air
Of cold neglect freeze not thy vital Warmth,
And in the Cave of ſolitude faſt bind
Thy Wings aſpiring, which ſhall ſhed their Plumes
Of varied dye, or fold thee ever round
In ſullen Indignation. Rather far
From thee be Thoughts like theſe! Stoop not thy Soul
To Fears of vulgar Nature; high above
This ſordid Earth direct thy piercing Eye,
And view where rear'd beyond the Gulph of Death
Stands Fame's refulgent Dome, to living Wight
Aye inacceſſible. Still, as of yore

Thou

Thou ſought'ſt th' Aſcrean or the Mantuan Bard,
Thy Viſions ſpread before my raptured Sight,
And ſoothe my ear with thoſe celeſtial Strains
Which on Olympus' lofty Top reclin'd
Charm Jove himſelf: While Virtue, Reaſon, Truth,
Humanity, and Love, each Sound applaud,
And bleſs th' unproſtituted Lyre. O hail
Ye pure ethereal Bards, who nobly ſtoop'd
To teach Mankind! Who round the flowing Locks
Of Fancy caſt the ſacred Wreathe inwove
By the fair Fingers of Utility,
Which ſcorns Caprice, and Whim, amuſive Toys,
And Trifles vain, th' unprofitable Gawds
Which catch the light and airy Mind of Youth,
Or vacant Pleaſure! Hail again ye Bards!
Nor only ye of Greece and Rome, who firſt
Stole from the Croud profane my chaſtened thoughts,
And as I gazed upon your Page, inſpir'd
The holy Frenzy of ambitious Love,

Aiming

Aiming with ardent, but ſucceſsleſs Toil,
To emulate your Beauties! Ye too hail
Ye Sons of Britain! Maſters of the Song!
Thou AKENSIDE, late wept by every Muſe,
Whoſe ſkilful Hand unlock'd the ſecret Source
Of mental Pleaſure, founded in the new,
The graceful, and ſublime! Nor blind to worth,
Tho' ſtill upon this wave-worn Shore it ſtand
Of troublous Life, by Envy's blaſts aſſail'd,
Be Thou ungreeted, ARMSTRONG, in my Verſe,
Thou Parent of the Prophylactic Lay!
Nor MASON, Thou, whoſe poliſht Taſte inſtructs
To form the Engliſh Garden, mingling Art,
With rural Wildneſs and Simplicity!
Nor BEATTIE, Friend of Truth, whoſe Gothic Harp
As if from magic Touch, emits ſuch Tones,
That e'en Apollo might his Lyre forget,
And wonder at the Harmony; while pleaſed,

In Edwin's ripening Genius we behold
The progreſs of thy own! Hail too ye Friends
Of Nature, and the Muſe, of Soul refin'd,
Of Judgment unimpair'd, by ſlaviſh Art
Unmanacled, who feeling, dare confeſs
The Pleaſure which ye feel! Who mid the Scenes
Of calm Retirement, from the genuine Cup
Nectareous, Virtue-crown'd, drink true Delight!
While the mad riotous Crew at diſtance heard,
Diſturb not your pure Ears, nor aught inſpire
But Pity and Contempt! To you alone
Theſe Bards have ſung, to you alone I ſing.

O LET me mingle with the hallowed Band,
By you exalted! Let me ſcorn with you
The baſe, luxurious, diſſipated Great;
Who to the Yoke of every foreign Vice
Bow down the Neck diſgraceful, and retain

Only

Only the Name of Britons. Strangers They
To every Wiſh, each Thought of nobler Kind,
Abſorb'd in ſelfiſh Joys, of public Good,
Of private Virtue, heedleſs. Skill'd to Game,
To waſte their trifling Hours beneath the Shade
Of Indolence, to ſteer the fragile Bark
O'er the ſmooth Wave of Folly. They applaud
What Taſte condemns; their higheſt Excellence
To deck with richeſt Offerings the vain Shrine
Of thoſe Muſicians, who diſtort the moſt
The native Elegance, and moſt pollute
Each Charm of Melody, or thoſe who urge
The human Voice divine t' a pitch which well
Madneſs might emulate: While JACKSON's Strains
Breathing in every Note the Soul of Love,
Of Paſſion, Feeling, Senſe, and Sentiment,
Flow unrewarded; ſave that Nature ſtands
Liſtening, and drinks in every thrilling Sound.
Delicious, but unprofitable Meed
Of elevated Genius! Fond of Shew,

Of pompous Scenes, of barren Novelties,
Of tortured Incidents, and poor fineſſe
Filch'd from the Gallic, or Italian Stage,
They reliſh not, while they pretend t' admire
Our Shakeſpeare's matchleſs Energy. The Voice
Of Wiſdom they deſpiſe; the ſacred Lyre
They trample in the duſt; a Catch, a Glee,
A Song obſcene, a Libel which deſtroys
Some good Man's Peace of Mind, and blaſts his Fame,
Strikes their weak Souls with Rapture. Wedded Love
They flout to Scorn; Poſterity with them
Is lighter than a Shade; a rapid Whirl
Of Vice fantaſtic hurries on their Lives;
And e'en the Flatterer whom they fed, would bluſh
To praiſe their Memory. Is this the Race
O Britain, Nurſe ſublime of Heroes old,
Of Patriots, Sages, who thy State have raiſed
To its all-envied Height! Is this the Race
Deſtined to guide thy Counſels? form thy Laws?
Croud thy once-awful Senate? Againſt theſe

Muſt

Muſt Public Spirit idly ſtrain the Nerve?
To theſe muſt Worth, and modeſt Merit yield?
The reptile Spawn of Inſignificance,
Corruption-foſter'd? Then farewell to all
Thy boaſted Glories! Stile thyſelf no more
The Queen of Nations; levell'd with the mean
And undiſtinguiſh'd Kingdoms of the Earth.
Thou haſt been Free! The Æra will arrive;
Thou ſhalt be free no more! O'er Folly, Vice,
Ariſtocratic Faction ſhall uſurp,
Or bold, and enterpriſing Monarchy
With Juſtice claim Dominion. 'Tis moſt fit.
Amid th' extenſive Records of Mankind
It ne'er was found that Freedom could ſurvive
Where Honour dwelt not; where with careleſs Eye
Or but intent on Pleaſure, Luxury ſat
And view'd her Chain, unmoved; where Love of Fame,
Where the keen Hopes of future Praiſe no more
Awoke the generous Deed, the grateful Praiſe
Paid by Poſterity to liberal Souls

Who

Who plan the Good of Ages. Yet at once
Quit not this Iſle O Virtue! In the Scenes
The lower Scenes of Action linger ſtill.
Far from the plague-ſtruck Capital, inſpire
The honeſt Individual; in his Soul
Cheriſh the warm Affections; let Him feel
The Joys of unpolluted Love, and think
His Offspring worth his Care! ſtill may'ſt Thou walk
On Iſca's Banks where through the blooming Vale
Its lucid Stream meanders, and receive
The oriſons which there thy Votaries pour
From Hearts unconſcious of Deceit, untaught
The falſe Refinements of ſuperior Life!

STILL with thy BLACKLOCK may'ſt thou love to dwell
From Pride far diſtant, from the tyrant ſway
And noon-tide glare of Vanity, with Him
And his Compatriots! Drop th' expreſſive Tear
O'er GREGORY's Tomb, then caſt thy Eyes around
And own Thou ne'er beheld'ſt a Land more pure!

A Soil, where manly Parts, and Senſe acute
Spontaneous grow, and every female Grace
Adorns with Innocence and chaſte reſerve
The Matron's Boſom. Spite of Southern Pride,
The rancorous lye, or partial ridicule,
Its Sons and Daughters perfect in their Kind,
In Bravery, Virtue, ſtrength of Intellect,
In modeſt Tenderneſs, domeſtic Worth,
Tho' equall'd, ne'er ſurpaſt. Thus may'ſt Thou ſtill
Preſerve a Few from the contagious Air
Which Luxury breathes! A Remnant whence to learn
What Britons erſt have been! Preſerve them Heaven!
And when they caſt the Page of Flattery by
Let their congenial Hearts theſe Strains approve,
And ſay, Theſe Lays are ours, for Us attuned,
And for the Sake of Children yet unborn.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

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